Prin. Your money. *Poyn.* Villains. { *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runnes away too, leaving the booty behinde them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves are scattered, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I boar your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my unkle, and my self, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leave you within this two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweete Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,
And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath.
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?